

GRAND ARMY FLAG DAY.



RHODE ISLAND,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12,

1902.

## *To Teachers and Pupils:*

On February 21, 1901, the General Assembly of our State enacted a law which set apart the 12th of February in each and every year as "Grand Army Flag Day," in honor of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln.

It is also made the duty of the commissioner of public schools to prepare a programme for the proper observance of the day.

In accordance with this direction of the General Assembly, as well as in obedience to the behests of my own feelings, the accompanying programme has been prepared for your use.

For several years quite a number of us, of our own volition and in response to the dictates of our own hearts, have been accustomed to recognize the 12th of February as a day that every loyal American ought to set apart for special observance. We are all more than glad, I am sure, that the day has been thus dignified and honored by the supreme authority of the State, and that in commemorating the birth of Lincoln we are permitted to testify anew, with each anniversary, our loyalty to our State, and our allegiance to the dear old flag.

Two central thoughts should govern us in the celebration of this day—one, that of conferring honor and renown upon the name of Abraham Lincoln, and the other, that of developing loyalty to the flag and the government of which it is the emblem.

Under the inspiration of the first thought we shall turn to our United States histories with new interest, kindred biographies will be closely scanned, and the whole record of the Civil War will be laid under tribute. Everything that can add an additional fact will be seized upon, while side-lights bearing upon the theme will be gratefully appropriated.

To the second object of our endeavor we shall bring whatever in all literature bears upon the subject, whether it be the contributions of the orator and statesman, or the poets' gifts in song and verse.

Some selections are included within these pages, and a programme has been outlined. The latter is intended, however, simply as an indication of what may be done. Each teacher and school may enlarge and enrich it according to their disposition and material.

It is suggested that the afternoon session of the schools on this day be set apart for these exercises.

Respectfully,

THOMAS B. STOCKWELL,

*Commissioner.*

# *Suggestive Programme*



*SONG*

*SALUTE TO THE FLAG*

*READINGS OR DECLAMATIONS - - Lincoln's Life and Character*

*SONG*

*QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN*

*SONG*

*GETTYSBURG ADDRESS*

*SONG*

*ADDRESSES BY VISITING VETERANS AND OTHER GUESTS*

*SONG*

## THE SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG.

When I am on my way to school  
I always look up high,  
To see our flag which looks so bright  
Against the dark, blue sky.

As it floats upon the breezes,  
It seems to say to me :

"Where I am, there is honor found,  
Where'er I wave, 'tis free."

Then, children, let us love this flag  
Which waves o'er us to-day,  
The flag for which our fathers fought  
Should honored be alway.

—*Wisconsin Memorial Day Manual.*

In the ceremonies at Philadelphia, I was, for the first time, allowed the privilege of standing in old Independence Hall. \* \* \* My friends there had provided a magnificent flag of the country. They had arranged it so that I was given the honor of raising it to the head of its staff. And when it went up, I was pleased that it went up to its place by the strength of my own feeble arm. When, according to the arrangement, the cord was pulled, and it floated gloriously to the wind without an accident, in the light, glowing sunshine of the morning, I could not help hoping that there was in the entire success of that beautiful ceremony at least something of an omen of what is to come. How could I help feeling then, as I often have felt, in the whole of that proceeding I was a very humble instrument?

I had not provided the flag; I had not made the arrangements for elevating it to its place. I had applied but a very small portion of my feeble strength in raising it. In the whole transaction, I was in the hands of the people who had arranged it. And, if I can have the same generous coöperation of the people of the nation, I think the flag of our country may still be kept flaunting gloriously.—*Lincoln's Address to the Legislature, Harrisburg, February 22, 1861.*

## LINCOLN.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,  
Was with such nervous tension strung,  
As if on each strained sinew swung  
The burden of a people's care.

His changing face what pen can draw?  
Pathetic, kindly, droll, or stern;  
And with a glance so quick to learn  
The inmost truth of all he saw.

—*Charles G. Halpine.*

This man, whose homely face you look upon,  
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;

Born with strong arms that unfought victories won,  
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen,  
Chosen for large designs, he had the art  
Of winning with his humor, and he went  
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;  
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent.  
Upon his back, a more than Atlas' load,  
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid:  
He stooped, and rose up with it, though the road  
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.  
Hold, warriors, councilors, kings! All now give place  
To this dead Benefactor of the Race!

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

LINCOLN'S HUMANITY.—He was compassionate. With what joy he brought liberty to the enslaved! He was forgiving. He was great. Time will but augment the greatness of his name and fame. He was good, and pure, and incorruptible. He was a patriot; he loved his country; he poured out his soul unto death for it. He was human, and thus touched the chord that makes the world akin.—*Bolton.*

Patriot, statesman, emancipator, his name is immortal, and his memory will be cherished through all the advancing ages.—*W. H. Gibson.*

He was the greatest president in American history, because in a time of revolution he comprehended the spirit of American institutions.—*Lyman Abbott.*



## THE NAME OF LINCOLN.

SUSIE M. BEST.

There's a name that brings a picture  
Of a man great-souled and grand;  
One whose deeds on history's pages,  
Carved in bold relief shall stand.

There's a name that brings a picture  
Of a time when blood was shed,  
When the boom of cannon sounded  
And the star of War was red.

There's a name that brings a picture  
Of a shackled race set free,  
Brought from out the ban of bondage  
To the joys of liberty.

There's a name that brings a picture  
Of a nation bowed in woe,  
For the hand of an assassin  
Laid a noble spirit low.

'Tis the name of martyred Lincoln  
Calls these pictures from the past,  
And that name with the Immortals  
Shall endure while earth shall last.

—*Teachers' World, January, 1900.*

"Great thoughts, great feelings, came to him  
Like instincts, unaware."

## WORDS OF LINCOLN.

Let reverence of the law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, seminaries, and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits, and proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the Nation.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." There is the origin of Popular Sovereignty. Who, then, shall come in at this day and claim that he invented it? That is the electric cord in the Declaration that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty-loving men together; that will link those patriotic hearts as long as the love of freedom exists in the minds of men throughout the world.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—*Second Inaugural Address.*

Public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed; consequently he who moulds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed."

Let us have that faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

If you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend.

No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention.

Happy day, when, appetite controlled, all passions subjugated, mind—all conquering mind—shall live and move, the monarch of the world.

I have never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom.

Knavery and flattery are blood relations.

Let none falter who thinks he is right.

## GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

'Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

## SONGS.

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last  
gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the  
perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly  
streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still  
there.  
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:  
'Tis the star-spangled banner: O, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps'  
pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their lov'd home and wild war's desolation;  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued  
land  
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a  
nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

—Francis Scott Key.

### THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free,  
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee!  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
When Liberty's form stands in view;  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the red, white, and blue,

When war wing'd its wide desolation,  
And threaten'd the land to deform,  
The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;  
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,  
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,  
With her flag proudly floating before her,  
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,  
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;  
May the wreaths they have won never wither,  
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.  
May the service united ne'er sever,  
But hold to their colors so true;  
The army and navy forever!

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

—D. T. Shaw.

# HAIL, RHODE ISLAND.

BY J. EDMUND BROWN, M. D., PROVIDENCE.

AUSTRIA.

HAYDN.

1. Hail, Rhode Island, gem of beauty! Jeweled on New Eng-land's shore,

Join we now-ex - al - ted du - ty— In thy praise our song to pour.

Land of freedom! fair Plan - tations! Born in faith, by deeds made free.

Hail, Rhode Island, all ye nations! Land of peace and lib - er - ty!

2. Hail, Rhode Island, now and ever!

Land where Roger Williams came  
And with firm, sincere endeavor  
Worshiped, toiled, in freedom's name.  
Land of hope, of art, of treasure,  
Temperance, truth, and purity.  
Here in song with stirring measure  
Pledge we now our lives to thee.

3. Great Creator, hope of nations!

Thou hast always been our guide,  
Now we bring our poor oblations,  
May we in thy love abide,  
May the germs of freedom glorious,  
Which in this State had their birth,  
Far extend, through Thee victorious,  
Till they cover all the earth.

## KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN.

*Maestoso.*

1. Speed our re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high! Lead us in path-ways of jus-tice and right;  
 2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Freedom to stand, We rush to arms when aroused by its call;  
 3. Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!

*p*  
*cres.*

Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir-dle with vir-tue—the ar-mor of might!  
 Still as of yore, when George Washington led, Thun-ders our war-cry, We con-quer or fall!  
 Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old! Show that it still is for Freedom un-furl'd!

Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,  
 Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Still as of yore, when George Washington led,  
 Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—

Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!  
 Thun-ders our war-cry, We conquer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!  
 Show that it still is for Freedom unfurl'd! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

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## AMERICA.

My country! 'Tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing;  
 Land where my fathers died!  
 Land of the pilgrim's pride!  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,  
 Land of the noble free,  
 Thy name I love;  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills;  
 My heart with rapture thrills  
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees  
 Sweet freedom's song;  
 Let mortal tongues awake;  
 Let all that breathe partake;  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God: to Thee,  
 Author of liberty,  
 To Thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light;  
 Protect us by Thy might,  
 Great God our King.

—Samuel F. Smith.